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O D E
T O T H E
PRIVATEER-COMMANDERS
O F
G R E A T B R I T A I N :
B E I N G A
P A R O D Y
O N
MR. MASON'S ODE
T O T H E
N A V A L O F F I C E R S
O F
G R E A T B R I T A I N .

WRITTEN, IMMEDIATELY AFTER READING HIS ODE,
APRIL THE SIXTEENTH, 1779.

B Y — — — — — , B. A.

O X F O R D :

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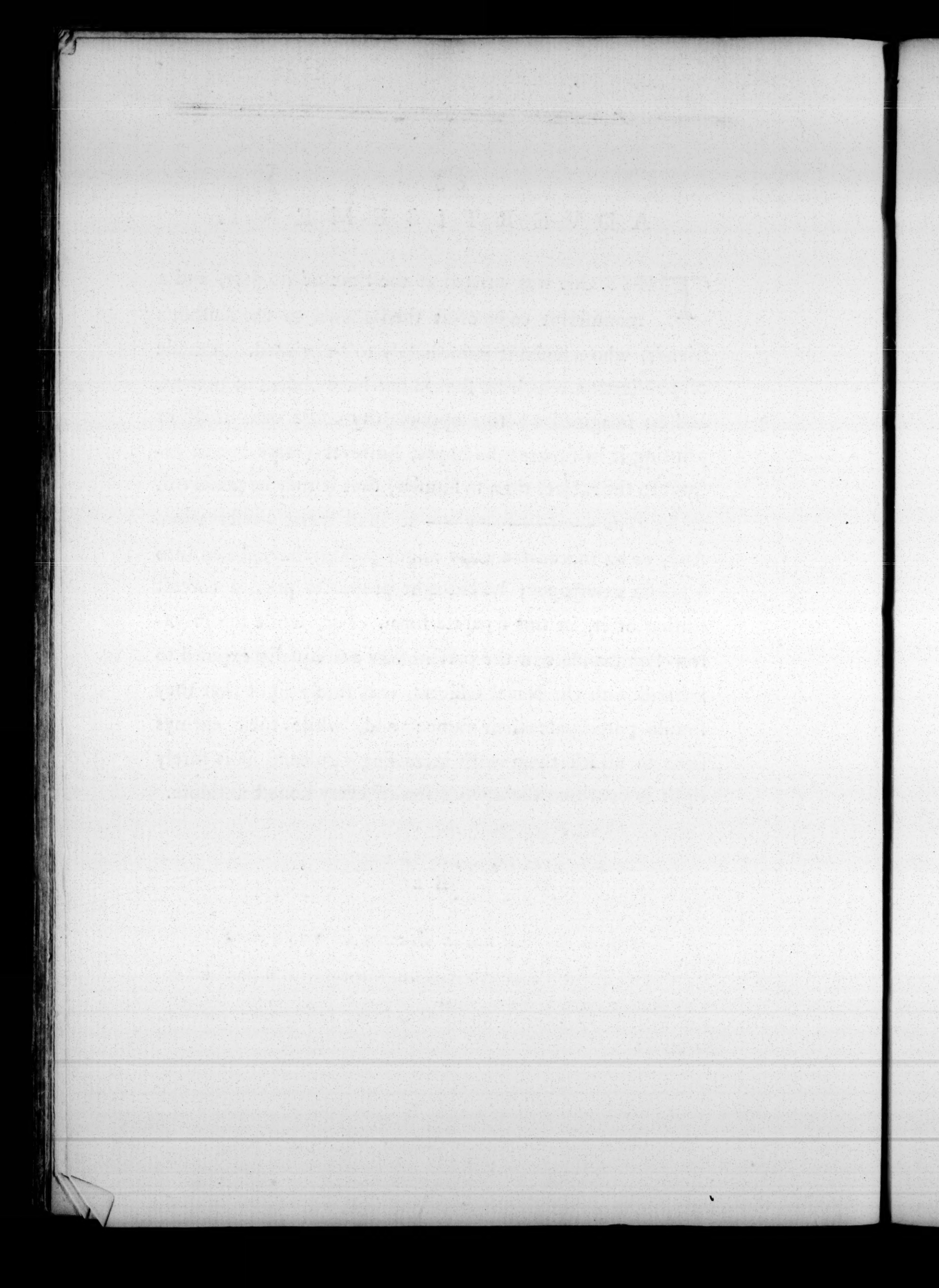
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A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

THIS Ode was written at the time of its date, and a manuscript copy of it then shewn to the Author's friends, who advised it immediately to be printed. A mode of publication which he should not have chosen at present, had he imagined a better opportunity could offer itself of printing it in future: he hopes, however (more out of respect to the subject than to himself) that it may be preserved, as long as ————— it shall merit preservation. And, as an inaccurate copy might possibly have stolen into a public newspaper; he thought proper to print a correct edition of it, in this separate form. For, while the Privateer-Commanders in the present war are equally exposed to hazards with the Naval Officers, it is surely right that they should participate their fame: and, while their enemys seem to attack them with increasing virulence, it is surely right to continue the application of every honest antidote.



O D E.

I. 1.

HENCE down to Hell! ye hulks accurst,
Of rich Domingo's fleet the worst,
Whom wayward winds to Bourdeaux bore:
Hulls hence! 'tis Liverpool's command,
She lanches, from her tradeful strand,
The ships that strike with awe your Gallic shore.
Old * MAMMON leads her vessels on
To vindicate his darling town,
Whose fair and veteran fame
Safe-harbor'd ye would fain defile:
Her sons on many a capture smile,
And feel the influence warm of gold's bright flame.

I. 2.

But chief in those, their † borough's pride,
Ordain'd their privateers to guide
Against the travellers of the main,
It glows with unremitting ray,
And makes them eager for the prey,
French frigates spread their swelling sails in vain;

* Alluding to the well known character of Mammon in the first Book of Paradise Lost.

† Let not the Privateer-Commanders belonging to Bristol and the other ports of Great-Britain think themselves forgotten in this ode: it is equally addressed to them, though the Liverpoolers only are mentioned. To

To Interest, Valour, Glory true,
 They take the richest prize in view,
 Unless they miss their aim;
 They know that what their bartering brings,
 And buying slaves of Afric's kings,
 Is nought to privateering's solid fame.

I. 3.

Hireling Colliers, venal Tars,
 View them with fastidious frown,
 Yet fair Fortune's smile is their's,
 Their's her emerald-studded crown.
 Yes, daring train, on your undaunted brows,
 She sees the spirit of adventure shine,
 Warm from a heart where love of lucre glows,
 That scorns to bend, save but at Interest's shrine.
 Lo! at your Poet's call,
 To give the genuine fury to his strain;
 Forth from the mighty bosom of the main
 A shark of giant-shape ascends;
 From his broad breast his fins depending fall;
 He wields his tail above th' Atlantic vast;
 The scaly fry with horror stand aghast,
 O'er many a league th' astonishment extends.
 He speaks; and distant swivels, murmuring round,
 From barks encount'ring roll a symphony profound.

II. i. Ye

II. 1.

Ye Murmurs cease! the will of Heav'n
 Terrors enough to me has given
 The Pirate-monarch of the deep;
 All prey is mine; from shore, to shore,
 I fend my pilot-fish before,
 Mine to pursue with desolating sweep.
 But meek and placable I come
 To avert, O Liverpool, thy doom,
 And snatch thee from thy fate;
 Tho' late I warn, I mean to save
 My sister ranger of the wave;
 I'm like bad news, that never comes too late.

II. 2.

Queen of the ports! by fortune own'd,
 Whose cruisers sweep the ocean round,
 And spread the terror of thy name,
 O, do not with reluctant heart
 Neglect to act thy proper part;
 Deaf to thy own hereditary fame.
 Why rush not through the wat'ry way
 To Biscay's treasure-burthen'd bay?
 — Ah, hear the useful strain!
 Ere the exhausted Gallia's fighs,
 And supplicating embassys
 Bespeak thy trade undone, thy courage vain.

II. 3. Sister

II. 3.

Sister ranger of the wave!

Turn from all ungainful war:

Turn to where thy sailors brave

Will not blush thy barks to bear;

Swift on the * Indian Gaul, thy proper foe

(For he is wealthy) let thy fires be hurl'd;

'Gainst his deep-laden keels direct thy prow,

Rig every skiff, be every jib unfurl'd;

Seize this successful hour,

When, like the gold that from thy prizes came,

Flows the bright current of thy CAPTAINS' fame.

Give, to the Heroes' full command,

The firmest engines of thy naval power;

So shall their own bold auspices prevail,

Nor Gallia's wiles, nor all her fleets avail

To break the force of their victorious hand.

Then with th' exhausted Gaul thy strife shall cease,

And on his poverty's firm base be fixt a Peace.

* French East-India-men.

F I N I S.

